WOMEN AND ALLOWANCES.

SOME SYSTEMS THAT ARE RARE, BUT

SAID TO BE GOOD.

SMITH GIRLS OUT OF DOORS.

THE SPRING IS A HAPPY SEASON IN THEIR COLLEGE DAYS.

The Hammocks in the Apple Orchard-Tennis Beating, Baseball, Mountain Climbing Pur-nish Diversion from Study-The "Chemica-Physico Tea" a New Entertainment NORTHAMPTON, Mass., May 29 .- At no time of

the year is Smith College so beautiful as in the spring. All during the year homesick freshmen are told to keep up courage until the spring term, which is represented to them as a verita ble elysium, from which all homesick longings and weariness of mind and soul fice away. With scarcely an exception they find the representation so correct that by the second year they too are saving to the new class with an air of wis dom only sophomores can assume:

"Wait until apring term!" Smith has not so large a campus as some colleges, but it is beautifully kept, and the smooth green lawns shaded by magnificent "immemorial cims " present a picture no Smith girl will ever forget. Part of what is known as the back ampus is covered by an apple orchard, from all the trees of which are hung gay-colored ham mocks. These trees are engaged from the winter time almost, and sometimes trees will have as many as three cards tacked upon their trunks bearing the names of the girls who have the right to swing ropes from that tree. Nothing much prattier could be imagined than this orchard on a warm Sunday afternoon, when the hammorks are filled with their owners-if not with two or three hammockless friends besideshappily reading or busily chatting, while here and there a gay parasol propped up adds a

bright bit of color to the scene On the back campus also are the tennis courts and at almost every hour of the day some inde fatigable devotees of the game may be found there playing. There is always one great tournament a year, which comes in June, and is a contest between classes for the champion ship. Of course, all the girls' Amherst friends come over to this, so that it is quite a festiv occasion. This year a new idea has been started -the holding of house tournaments, each house having its own tournament, in which its mem bers may compete for the house championship,

This is the first year that there have bee crews rowing in Paradise, and for the first time in its history the swimming tank is being put into vigorous use, many girls availing them e'ves of the opportunity to learn to swim. Suf ficient precautions have been taken to prevent accident. The girls have had a fever this spring for playing baseball after supper, each house organizing impromptu teams. Those who do not play ball spend the last hour of daylight playing tennis or strolling about the campus in twos or groups, while the Glee Club, if the evenings on which it practises happen to be warm and pleasant, sings outdoors for a little while. The wandering musicians have already paid the college one visit, and a trifle later in the season they will doubtless be here again when the girls can have one of their real "dances on the green." Such a dance is a pretty sight as the girls in their dainty muslins or stiff ploues trip over the grass. "Dainty muslins!" some one may echo in surprise, some one who still thinks college girls are so engrossed in books, and a healthful admixture of athletics possibly, that they have no thought for such frivolities as dress, or at least do not know how to dress well. Such a person—and, strange as it may seem, playing tennis or strolling about the campus in dress, or at least do not know how to dress well. Such a person—and, strange as it may seem, such people still do exist—should attend the vesier service on a Sunday afternoon, when every girl is dressed in her best bib and tucker. He would think upon entering the chapel and looking down upon the hats that he had entered a very gay flower garden, and he would find the girls were gowned just as daintily and stylishly as if gowns were their one thought in life, and would be obliged to confess that if college girls do know more in many lines than their nonto know more in many lines than their

dress, only they do not waste thinking about it.

On week days the college girls wear shirt waists and short skirts quite uniformly. The latter might seem somewhat ungraceful to an outsider, but when it is taken into consideration outsider, but when it is taken into consideration. latter might seem somewhat ungraceful to an outsider, but when it is taken into consideration that the girls want to be ready to go wheeling on any spare moment, or to play tennis without tripping over a long skirt, they seem delightful in their appropriateness. Short skirts, too, are just the thing for going off on picnics, which are already in full swing, and no country could be lovelier for them. As every one knows, Northampton is situated in the Connecticut River Valley, surrounded by mountains, so the girls can take their suppers with them on their wheels and go skimming off for miles along the level nesdow roads, or if they prefer and have an afternoon for it, they can climb one of the neighboring mountains. A very pleasant form of picnic is for all the members of one of the campus houses to hire a special car and take one of the beautiful rides furnished by the electric lines, getting off for supper at some spot.

For more formal sorts of gayety the girls can accept the invitations of their Amherst friends to the intercollegiate baseball games or to the annual fraternity dances, several of which occur in the spring. Nor are all the pleasures they plan for themselves purely athletic. Some of the scientific girls have just given a chemicophysico tea, which was anything but the usual somewhat stupid affair afternoon teas are wont to be. It was given in the Lilly Hall of Science, at the door of which a pretty usher met the guests, taking them around to see the wonders on exhibition. First. Science, at the door of which a pretty usher met the guests, taking them around to see the wonders on exhibition. First came slender glass tubes containing perfectly beautiful colors, which the ignorant were informed were various metals. Then in one of the labora-ories some of the students in stiff tim shirt waists and washabie skirts were displeying various phenomena. Apparently blank pieces of paper were held over a gas jet, and, so and behold, they were shown to have been written on, the effect of the heat being to bring out the writing. Then they were presented to the guests as souvenirs of the occasion. A red liquid was held up in a little glass.

This is Harvard. "announced the shower of wonders; "Harvard before the games. But now you see," here she deftly added a drop of some mysterious liquid, "that after the games Yale is the color."

Sure enough the red had turned to a Yale blue. Another girl was exploding soap bubbles which made a great noise in exploding. Still another was giving the scale with pieces of wood of different sizes, which, being thrown down, gave the differing number of vibrations of the notes of the scale. The dark room was thrown open, and here a spectroscope was on exhibition and a sodium light was purned, giving every one a horribly ghastly look. There were various other phenomena on exhibition, and after the guests had duly investigated them they were treated to irmonade or coffee served in beakers and drunk through glass tubes, everything being truly scientific and delightful.

The seniors are probably the gayest people in college, for they have begun upon a series of arewell entertainments. One member of the faculty has already given them a reception, and this week came off the annual concert given by Dr. Blodgett, the head of the music school, in their honor. This is the first occasion upon which the senior class walk in by twos, and it makes them feel a little sad as they realize that commencement and the end of the happy, busy college days are so near. At all of the commencement festivities the seniors walk in by twos, engaging their partners for the different occasions—beginning with this concert and ending with the class supper—sometimes as early as innor year. the color, Sure enough the red had turned to a Yale blue.

ing with the class supper-sometimes as early as ignior year.

The matron of each house usually gives her seniors some form of entertainment, a reception or dance as the case may be. The juniors always give the seniors a very swell dance. Indeed every one seems to be anxious to make the last term one to be long remembered by the seniors as the happiest time of their lives. Meanwhile the work keeps up just the same, for the faculty seem desirous to keep that also in remembrance as long as possible. Two or three evenings a week they have to practise "Fair Smith" and the lry Song for commencement. So that between work and gayety every moment is full, and commencement, the end of the fascinating spring term, only a month away! ing term, only a month away!

Maybe an Altogether Photograph by Lightning. From the Chicago Chronicle.

At certain hours of the day, especially at i ock in the morning or just before sundown. the exact reproduction of a nude woman upon a pane of glass in an unpretentious dwelling of Kankakee is plainly visible. How it came there is a question scientists may be able to answer. As the woman bears a close resemblance to a former occupant of the dwelling, neighbors and numerous other Kankakeeans who have become aumerous other Kankakeeans who have become much interested in the phenomenon have an explanation of their own. They believe it to be a photograph taken by a flash of lightning. It is thought that some time, probably during a storm, a woman in a state of nature had become tightneed, come from her sleeping room to draw the blinds, and a flash of lightning photographed her form upon the glass.

The pleture was discovered a week ago, when a years man sitting in a house nearly opposite observed what he thought was the reflection on the window pane of a woman bathing in the

sweet of what he thought was the reflection on the window pane of a woman bathing in the folse in question. Supposing that a mirror re-flected the form through the door of an adjoin-ing room, he called to his sister, and, pointing out the singular sight, requested her to run across the street and tell the woman to pull across the blinds. The young woman ran across the street, rapped upon the door, and was sur-prised to see the only woman in the bouse ap-pear, fully dressed.

prised to see the only woman in the house appear, fully dressed.

Heing informed of the figure in the window, the woman was surprised and said no one had taken a bath that day.

An investigation followed. Sure enough, there in the glass: was the figure of a naked woman, and it could not be washed out. Soon it began to be talked about by the nearest neighbors and now it is the talk of the town.

LIFE IN BARNARD COLLEGE.

From the Old to the New Buildings—The "Me tarboard "-Plans for Next Year. There seems to be an unwonted air of sadnes

about Barnard College these days, a sort of a de sire on the part of the girls to linger around the building until late in the day. As a usual thing the students leave very early during the weeks of examination in order to get in a full day's cramming before the morrow's ordeal, but the last days in the old building count for something this year. Reminiscences have to be exchanged old and ties cemented. The graduating class are well aware that they will have no close association with the new Barnard; tha their college life is inseparably connected with the old stand, and while there isn't a girl of them all who does not rejoice in the new and enlarged life that is coming to the college, yet they cannot but feel that the close intimacy developed in the smaller bousehold holds much that is sacred, much that will be entirely left out of the college life of the girls that are coming, so that the good-bys this year are full of sadness and retrospect. In fact, one class, appreciating to the full the sentiment of the casion, has decided to hold a "reminiscent party," when they plan to come down in their black gowns and mortarboards and conduct tragic ceremonies of a valedictory character.

After many vexatious delays the Mortan board, the college periodical published by the junior class, made its appearance this week, and in the nick of time, too, to judge by the sales: for the editors are doing such a thriving business that they are already speculating as to what shall be done with the profits. They have issued a neat circular calling attention to the many claims of the book, and asking for purlishers, they have further advertised their wares by a most astonishing poster. As a matter of fact the Mortarboard is well worth the waiting. It is not so pretentious as some other colege publications, but it is exceedingly well printed; the illustrations are attractive and the reading matter very creditable. Its tone is more collegiate than heretofore, being wholly the work of the students themselves, and some of the rhymes, notably those of the Primer. have a swing that makes them a close rival t their model, and what higher praise can b

One of the features of the book that will make it a valuable souvenir to every girl on purely sentimental grounds, if on no other, is a picture

it a valuable souvenir to every girl on purely sentimental grounds, if on no other, is a picture of the present college building. In a few years this will doubtless be torn down, and the only evidence of Barnard's first eight years of apprenticeship will be this homely little photograph. Its mission then will be to make all future alumne smile, and smile rather tenderly as they think of the small beginning.

As the lease of the present quarters expires on July 1, it has been decided to move all the household effects to the new site on that date, but the college offices will be transferred for the rooms now occupied by the scientific laboratories, and all purely collegiate matters will be conducted there until September.

Since the announcement of the gift of the new building—for dormitory purposes—many lnquiries have come from all parts of the country asking whether this building would be ready for occupancy by fall. It is expected that the foundation and the heavy girder work will be pushed rapidly during the summer, but it is doubtful if the building will be available until after the first of the year, or even later. The graduate students, who had planned to combine next year, and have quarters near the college, have already made a requisition for a certain definite share in the new dormitory, so that it is evident that "accommodation for about sixty" will have to be increased largely before long.

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is evident that "accommodation for about sixty" will have to be increased largely before long.

The alumnse, who last year raised about \$3,000 from the proceeds of a garden party, have had many meetings lately to decide upon what form their gift to the new building should take. There were many suggestions, but the most popular was the equipment of a gymnasum. It was found that the plans for the new building did not offer any room altogether suited for this purpose, and when it was announced that the trustees had made an arrangement with the Teachers' College, whereby the Barnard girls should have the full privileges of their gymnasium, this scheme was abandoned. It was then decided to place a handsome stained glass window on the landing opposite the reception room and over the court entrance, but since this decision it has been learned that an order has been placed for such a window. Possibly the alumnse may now revert to a former projalumnse may now revert to a former pro-

ect—the furnishing of the students study.

The present senior class has shown an uncommon amount of business enterprise, for out of twenty-one members, fourteen of whom expect to become self-supporting, seven have already secured places for next year. Three have expressed their intention of coming back for ad-

vanced work.

Closing exercises, which bring the students together for the last time, will be held on Saturday, June 5. Besides an address from an outside speaker, there will be short addresses by the Dean, by Mr. Brownell, acting Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and by the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D. D.

The Women of the City Are Taking Steps to

Protect Them from Cruel Bog Catchers. It appears that all the dogs in Baltimore are that it is coming very soon. Heretofore the canine population of that city has had a very hard time of it, and the women intend to put a stop to this state of affairs if they can. Under the present dog law it makes no difference a tramp, the treatment that the dog is liable to receive is nothing short of cruel, or at least that is what the women say.

According to the Baltimore Sun, a delegation

of six women, representing the Maryland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, swooped down on the Council Committee on Police and Jail. Before making the visit they had submitted to the committee an ordinance, delegating to the society the city's control of dogs. It was learned that the Councilmen were not disposed to favor the ordinance, and hence the personal appeal. The delegation consisted of Miss Mary B. Shearer, Mrs. William Reed, Mrs. R. Dorsey Coale, Mrs. Walter Prescott Smith, Miss Emma Needles, and Miss Hanway Miss Shearer was spokeswoman, and she spoke strongly because she felt strongly, having been devoted to does all her life. First she reminded her hearers of the outrages committed by the negroes, who are licensed under the present dog law to go around in the summer months and catch dogs.

negroes, who are licensed under the present dog law to go around in the summer months and catch dogs.

"I am perfectly sure." she went on, "that a certain number of people in Baltimore, largely negroes, encourage the propagation of tramp dogs, solely for the purpose of seiling them at 25 cents each to the city," and then she recalled how the dog pound, which is in a disgraceful condition, was broken into last summer and a large number of dogs set free that they might be caught again and sold snew to the city. Miss Shearer said further that the delegation represented not only the women's branch of the society, but also a large number of women who are interested in the proper care of dogs, but are not able to pay the annual dues of the society out of their carnings as bread winners.

"Our idea is simply this," she continued. "First, that the tramp dogs are the source of danger to be expected from dogs in a large city; that they are the dogs to be removed; that they are not to be wantonly removed, and that the dogs of people who care for dogs should be properly protected from savage treatment by brutal dog catchers. The present system does nothing to protect the people who properly care for dogs. Now we propose to remedy matters by imposing a yearly tax, not a yearly lace, the properly care for dogs. Now we propose to remedy matters by imposing a yearly tax, not a yearly lace, the first, or any class, but the large class which is fond of dogs.

The women want authority and an appropriation.

the rich, or any class, but the large class which is fond of dogs."

The women want authority and an appropriation for one year, and promise that if at the end of that time they have not shown their fitness to regulate this matter they will retire and remain very meek and humble. They propose to employ men to catch dogs in a humane way.

The Councilmen expressed themselves as being much pleased with the plan and said that they would refer the ordinance to the city lawyers. In case it is possible for them to give the women the power, they have promised to pass the measure promptly.

the power, they have promised to pass the measure promotily.

The ordinance authorizes the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to issue the city licenses and renewals for dogs at the figure of \$2 annually, and to selze and dispose of unicensed dogs if not redeemed within forty-eight hours. Redeeming dozs will cost \$3 each. The city's share of fines for violations of the ordinance is to be paid to the society to be used in carrying out the ordinance, and in addition a special appropriation of \$2.000 is to be made. The society will make nothing out of it. for in case the taxes exceed the expenses the surplus will be turned into the public treasury.

Women Did the After-Dinner Spenking. From the Cleveland Leader. WOOSTER, O., May 25.—The Century Club, the city's

swell literary club, held its annual banquet to-night in the pariors of the Pirst Presbyterian Church. The guests and members of the club were given a big surprise when it came to the speaking, as all of the addresses were made by prominent women. Mrs. Jacob Frick responded to the toast, "The innovation," Mrs. C. L. Thorne, "The Quinternary Age:" Miss Hinerva Criley, "Prospect and Retrospect;" Mrs. Charles Haupert, "The Club Membership."

ROMANCE IN CATTARAUGUS CHEESE.

A Charming and Vivacious Young Woma "I know such a sweet love story! And it all came about through a horrid old cheese !"

And the bright eyes of the charming and vivacious young woman from Cattaraugus county grew still brighter, and the peach blos som on her cheeks deepened to the blush of the red, red rose.

"It is such a lovely romance, and it all came from the making of a horrid old cheese up in Cattaraugus county. Just to think of anything romantic leading out of cheese making. It seems ridiculous to think of such a thing. But

that is how this romance happened. "You must know that we make a great quantity of cheese in Cattaraugus county. And we make all kinds of cheese. The best imported cheeses are made in Cattaraugus county-every kind of imported cheese. What we most pride ourselves on is English dairy cheese. Such lovely old English dairy cheese as we do make! This doesn't become old English dairy cheese. though, until it is sent to England and ther shipped back to this country again. It is the same with our fine French, Swiss, German, and other imported cheeses. They are made in Cattaraugus county, but they go over to the places they get their names from, so they can be sent back to their native land, genuinely imported. But, oh my! Perhaps I shouldn't tell this! But our cheeses are so awfully good, especially our English dairy cheese. Why, don't you know, our best people up in Cattaraugus county never think of buying our own cheese until it goes to England and is imported to New York! Then they send to New York and buy English cheese, paying a great deal more for than they could have bought it for right at home. My, yes! We are wrapped up so much in English cheese that we have grown to be quite English up in Cattaraugus, Quite English. "Well, of course there must be cheese facto

tories to make all these cheeses, and a great many girls work in these factories—the sweet est, and freshest, and prettiest girls! You just ought to know how sweet and fresh and pretty these cheese factory girls in Cattaraugus are

Charming confusion mingled for a moment with the still deeper flush on the face of the vi vacious young woman from Cattaraugus county. but only for a moment.

"At least I have heard people say that she was at that time; but, oh my! she has been married ever so long-nearly six months-and perhaps they wouldn't say so now! Well, anyhow, this girl-it'll do no good to ask me who she was; you couldn't induce me to tell, not for worlds!this girl worked in one of the cheese factories And what do you suppose she did one day! However could she have done it! She actually wrote her name and address on a card with her age-which was only 18-and something about her face and figure. Oh, it was so silly of her But it was only for a lark, don't you know. And then, the riduculous creature! she wrote on the card 'No Lover Yet.' Oh, it was utterly too hor-rid of her! It makes my face burn for her when-ever I think how utterly horrid she was." And the charming young woman's face showed that the utter horridness of the Cattaraugus

county cheese factory girl was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it shell in a card all ready this county cheese factory girl was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it siyly in a cheese that was to be shipped away with lots and lots of other cheeses, and by and by away it went. Now, you mustn't think that because this silly thing wrote on the card that she had no lovers yet that she couldn't have had one if she chose to, because she could, and a-many a one, too. The idea! I guess she could! But you see the right one hadn't come yet. There was one young man—but, oh my! He was out of the question. He didn't even know she existed—she, a little silly chit of a goose of a girl that made cheeses, and he rich and handsome and—Well, anyhow, silly as she was, she had sense enough to put him out of her mind, though I do believe to this day that she kept some of him in her heart.

"Well, weeks and weeks and weeks went by after this foolish girl's horrid card had gone away buried in the cheese, and the more she thought about it the more she grew to be ashamed of herself for having done it. Night after night she cried herself to sleep thinking over it—the silly thing! And she got to be so awful that she wished and wished that the car the cheese went away in had run off the track and smashed that cheese, or that something else terrible had happened to it. My, but she was desperate!

"One day, six weeks after the card had been smuggled away, it happened that the richest family in the town where this riddeulous girl lived found that they were out of old English dairy cheese. Of course, they had to send to New York at once and order some. The city merchant filled the order from a lot of cheese he had just received from England.

"Ships have carried precious cargoes across sea, I know, but no ship ever before bore such precious freight as the one that brought that cheese from England: That is—I mean—so that silly cheese factory girl thinks! Because one day a little while after the rich family received to her. And oh, what do you think! It was from the son of that ri

writer of this note was the young man this horrid girl had put out of her mind long before—she
ouly a cheese factory girl, and he so rich and
handsome!—and here that card she had blushed
for and wept over all these months had gone all
the way to England and come back home again,
and he had got it! Wasn't that just too sweet
and lovely! And she said he might come to her
father's house and see her. And he did. And
he fell in love with her. And in three months
they were married. And oh! we have been so
deliciously happy ever since. But there will be
no use for you to sak me who that horrid girl
was! I wouldn't tell you, not for worlds!"

WAS JOHN ALDEN AN IRISHMANS The Rev. Mr. Griffis Says That the Wooer of Priscilla Mullins Was Not English.

Boston, May 29 .- The coming of ex-Ambassa dor Thomas F. Bayard to Boston with the "log ' of the Mayflower lends additional interest to some recent researches of the Rev. William Eliot Griffis, a Congregational clergyman of Ithaca, N. Y., who maintains that John Alden, he who wedded Priscilla Mullins, was an Irishman born The Rev. Mr. Griffis was formerly paster of

the South Congregational Church, Boston. Recently he was elected a member of the American-Irish Historical Society, at whose head was the late Rear Admiral Meade, United States Navy. Mr. Griffis has just written a letter to the Secretary of the society, Thomas Hamilton Murray, of Lawrence, Mass., in which he says that the Aldens, at first a Norman family, went over and settled in Ireland. After considerable search Mr. Griffis has been unable to find the name of Alden in the English towns and cities before the early part of the seventeenth century. Therefore, he says that he thinks he is justified in saying that John Alden was an Irishman, and he adds that he is strengthened in his belief by the fact that although a great many Englishmen would like to disprove his belief, yet with all their resources they have never been

There are many names." says Mr. Griffis, in "There are many names, says Mr. Grims, in his communication to Secretary Murray, "or forms of names, among immigrants who came over, not only in the Mayflower, but in the successing ships to Plymouth, which show almost certainly either Irish birth or extraction. Of course you know that in the large body of English auxiliaries who stood with the Dutch in the fight for their consitutional liberty, and in the pressituates of human freedom everywhere from reat cause of human freedom everywhere from 568 to 1640, there were many thousands of

1568 to 1640, there were many thousands of Irishmen.

In conclusion, Mr. Griffis argues in keeping with his ideas set forth in his book, "Brave Little Holland," that nearly one-third of those who started in the Mayflower were natives of Holland, having been born there after the time the Pilgrims first left England, and he intimates that at a future time he will set forth the part taken by Irishmen in Holland.

Before long it is expected that the American-Irish Historical Society will start an investigation of its own to establish the truth about the distinctly Irish names which appear among the forty one passengers on the historical voyage of the Mayflower. Names like Mullins, Martin, Miles Standish, Hopkins, Williams, Clarke, and Robinson, it is claimed, are among the oldest names of the best families of the Emerald Isle.

One Chance of Effecting a Cure.

From the Boston Traveller. A nervous young lady called a physician for a slight ailment, but one which she magnified, in her own

estimation, into a serious one.

"Bun," said the doctor to a servant, giving a prescription, "to the nearest drug store and bring back the medicine as quickly as you can." "Is there much danger?" replied the young laily.

in alarm.
"Yes," said the doctor, "if your servant is not quick is will be useless." "Oh, doctor, shall I die?" gasped the patient. "There is no danger of that," said the doctor, "but rou may get well before John returns."

The Open Money Brawer for Children and the Incomes of Wives Fixed by Husbands. There were three of them, and they were talking about allowances. Of course they were women. Few men have to live on allowances, and boys spend theirs, as a rule, without talking or so much as thinking about it.

"I don't know what I think about this allow ance business," said a stout, middle-aged matron, "Now, my husband gives me \$100 a week to run the house and dress myself, and do you know I'm always in debt to myself. I can't understand it at all. When we first started out in life, a quarter of a century ago, he didn't make \$100 a month, and yet we saved one-third of all he earned. Wouldn't you think that in all these years I would have learned to spend to a better advantage instead of just the opposite f "I understand you perfectly," answered a dark-eyed woman in whose countenance there was an expression of life endured and not enjoyed, "We've been married even a little longer than you have and started out as poor as the proverbial church mouse. But times prospered with us, and my husband grew proportionately generous in his allowance for our household expenditures and for my personal use. The more I had the less I seemed to be able to save, and it worried me a great deal. Finally we broke up housekeeping, and, as you both know, went to a hotel to live. Pretty soon it came my way to make quite an income for myself, and gradually my husband stopped giving me an allewance for personal use. Of course he pays all my living expenses, but I use the money I earn to dress myself. If you believe me. I don't seem able to save a cent, and yet I don't dress extravagantly. All the money that comes my way seems to partake of the nature of you, and I have nothing to show for it. How is
it with you!" she added, turning to the youngest woman in the party, a happy-looking,
sprightly little creature.
"Oh, I don't have an allowance," she answered. "I know uothing about allowances."
"Not have an allowance!" exclaimed the
other two, "Well, I wouldn't like that, continued the stout matron. "No, indeed. Of
rourse having an allowance is a great responsi-

swered. "I know nothing about allowances."

"Not have an allowance?" exclaimed the other two. "Well, I wouldn't like that, continued the stout matron. "No, indeed. Of course, having an allowance is a great responsibility in a way, but I'd like to see myseif asking any man, even my own husband, for money, and I wouldn't do it. How do you stand the humiliation of it, and does he ask you what you are going to do with it, and what you did with the last he gave you?"

"Dear me, "exclaimed the happy little woman, "we've been married ten years, and I've never asked him for a cent, and he has never asked me how I spent a cent, and he has never asked me how I spent a cent, and more than that he is 35 years old, and never in his life has anybody asked him how he spent a cent. Think of the delight of that!" she exclaimed.

"I don't understand how such a state of affairs could exist." said the sad-faced one.

"Well, you see it began 'way back," explained the little woman. "When my husband was ten years old his father said to him and his brothers and sisters: 'Children, my cash drawer is open. Its contents are yours as much as mine, and now when you need any money I want you to feel free to go there and get it as long as there is a cent there. We are partners, do you understand; and now, mind you, I didn't say you must go when you wanted money, but when you needed it. Then he explained to them simply and clearly just what his financial standing was. The result! Why, those boys and girls say that they never spent as much has the smallest allowance of their companions. They had the feeling that they were even their bonor to protect his interests and to help him to save."

"And you say that the father never asked him her bow they spent the money that they took

really their father's business partners, and were on their honor to protect his interests and to help him to save."

"And you say that the father never asked them how they spent the money that they took from the cash drawer!" asked the stout matron, for she was interested in the training of boys.

"Never," was the emphatic reply, "More than that, he never preached to his children. He took them to church occasionally, as he would to a circus, did not forbid them doing anything or going anywhere, and never asked them what they had been doing or where they had been."

"It was a great risk to take," interrupted the sad-faced woman. "What are parents for if they are not to warn, admonish, and reprove their children!"

"I hink parents are given to children," answered the young woman, "to develop their own characters and those of their children by example. Now my father-in-law has always lived a pure, high life, and as a result his children have never tasted whiskey, the boys have never used tobacco in any form, they have never indulged their appetites and done lots of other things that we women grant men the privilege of doing. I tell you the average boy or girl resents not being implicitly trusted, and when parents begin to watch and question them too closely the child will give them something to see and to be answered. But to get back to the allowance. When we were married and returned from our honeymon trip my husband said: 'Now, come and let me teach you how to open my safe,' and after doing so he went on: Now there sour money. When you want any take it and I'll do the same until it all gone. I shall never ask you what you take or how you spend it, and I shall expect you to grant me the sour intented to spend, not how much, as you two say it is swith you, and we are bringing up our two little boys in the same way. Even now, when they little boys in the same way. Even now, when they to spend, not how much, as you two say it is with you, and we are bringing up our two little boys in the same way. Even now, when they want money they toddle up to their father or me and ask us to open the safe. Neither has ever taken out more than a fleecent piece at a time, and sometimes weeks go by without either asking that the safe be opened. I really think the responsibility of an allowance would drive me erazy, continued the little woman with a laugh. "You know women are not any better at figures than they are at reasoning, and it would drive me mad to have to calculate whether I could have this, that or the other dish for dinner, or a new piece of lace or ribbon, and still make my allowance come out even. I wouldn't like it at all.

"You see. I've never had an allowance. When I was a young girl my father paid all my bills,

wouldn't like it at all.

"You see, I've never had an allowance. When I was a young girl my father paid all my bills, and I didn't even have any idea of what I spent. Afterward I carned my own living, and, of course, was not restricted, except by the amount I carned; and then I married, and having been living as I have explained since, I think our plan is the best for the development of the character of a child. Give your boys and girls so much money every month and it often leads them into bad habits. They indulge their fancies and buy foolish things, they form the very bad habit of borrowing from each other, and do not got the idea of saving. In fact, all they think about is spending."

"Your plan might work all right with some boys," said the stout matron, "but how about boys lacking in a sense of honor?"

"Yes, I don't think it would do with all children." put in the sad-faced one.

"If all parents would presuppose that their children were honorable and let them know it, do you know. I think there would be less dishonesty in the world," answered the little woman earnestly. "Of course, nothing works in

honesty in the world," answered the little wo man earnestly. "Of course, nothing works in every family. Unfortunately there is no specifiman earnestly. "Of course, nothing works in every family. Unfortunately there is no specific for training boys and girls into noble men and women, but I stick to it the more we trust and honor them and respect their individuality and independence the more they will trust and honor us. When a boy or girl can stand the money test you can put your faith in the truth of his or her heart and in the breadth and depth of their founds itons."

"Perhaps you are right," murmured the other two thoughtfully.

"After all," concluded the stout matron, with a far-away look in her eyes, "boys and girls are a much greater responsibility than the spending and saving of an allowance, aren't they for the stout matron was a much greater responsibility than the spending and saving of an allowance, aren't they for the stout matron.

INDIAN POLYGAMISTS.

Efforts to Be Made to Step the Practice in the Indian Territory.

PERRY, Oklahoma, May 28.-The officials of this Territory, together with those of the Indian Territory, will make an earnest effort to stop polygamy among the Indians. Polygamy is practised among nearly all of the tribes, and especially among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Major A. E. Woodson, agent for these tribes, says there are Indians among them who have from two to half a dozen wives. Major Woodson says the Indians refuse to give up their extra wives, and say they will not obey the Territorial laws in this respect.

The Major says there are only about forty cases of polyganny among his Indians. They are opposed to a change. They come to him saying that they have heard nothing from Washin.ton about it and are inchined to question the Territorial law. They imagine everything must come from Washington.

Most Indians who were living in villages six years ago are now on their allotments. The only unruly ones are 300 Cheyennes at Ited Moon and Cantonement. They are practically as uncivilized as they were years ago, and refuse to take their allotments of land. They are hopeful that they will again be placed under civilian instead of military agents. Their refusal to adopt civilized ways is due mostly to the chiefs, who know that their power will be gone the moment the Indians are separated on their allotments. Woodson says the Indians refuse to give up

Cured the Copperhead litte. PORT JERVIS, May 28. - Nathan Amole of hestnut Hills, Pa., was bitten by a copperhond last week. He ran for a chicken coop and outckly cut the throat of a chicken coop and outckly cut the throat of a chicken and stuck the finger which had been bitten into the in-cision, holding it there some time. The flesh of the chicken turned black from the poison drawn from the wound, and Mr. Amole suffered no further inconvenience from the bite. HATS OFF IN CHURCH.

A Chicago Paster Serves Notice on the Women

From the Chicago Times-Herald. The women of Unity Church, Oak Park, will take off their bonnets and hats and sit unbonneted and unhatted during the Sunday morning and evening services conducted by their pastor, the Rev. R. F. Johannot, who say "cannot see why the children of darkness should always be wiser than the children of light." In fact, he does not propose to let the theatre become more advanced than the Church So a few weeks ago he intimated to his congre gation his wishes in the matter and requested the women of Unity Church to be leaders in the

new movement. Naturally the step caused something more than a ripple of surprise. Not a little indignation was expressed. There were some who said Paster Johonnot was growing autocratic when be attempted to dictate in matters of dress. It hardly seemed decorous to sit unbonneted in church, besides there were other questions in volved. What was to become of the church nillinery! "How does my hair look!" would be the query now, instead of the old familiar Is my hat on straight I" It certainly gives the congregation a home look as they sit all with uncovered heads, but

somehow it is not satisfying. The attractive and diverting spectacle of well-trimmed hats and bonnets-resembling as they do a garden of flowers-is like the withdrawal of the stained glass windows or an effective part of the service. glass windows or an effective part of the service. True, there is no craning of the neck to get around a big offensive hat to see the preacher. And this is the reason for the mandate: "Take off your bonnets and hats in church."

The Rev. R. F. Johonnot, pastor of Unity Church, believes that the church of the future will have a dressing room where ladies can leave their hats and wraps and a check room for overcoats and umbrellas. He is very much in earnest in his new crusade against the monopoly of fashion. "I have no personal interest in the matter," he said, "except to give a more homelike and devotional aspect to the meeting. It will, if carried out, make the congregation look as if its ladies had come to stay and were not merely visitors. Then consider the courtesy of such a movement. It will be carrying out the golden rule. Why, I went to a church in the city not long ago where four young ladies came in and occupied the pew in front of me. Each one wore a flower garden on her head, and I did not get even a glimpse of the preacher. You see, our churches have not raised seats like the theatre, yet the theatre set the first example and compelied ladies to take off their hats.

"Now, I do not ask my people in a compulsory spirit to remove their hats. I suggest it as a matter of courtesy, first to the church, next to me as their pastor. As I said in public, I have two reasons—one, and the main one, is that other people may enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary; the other that the assembled worshippers may look more homelike.

The women have accepted the edict in a very True, there is no craning of the neck to get around a big offensive hat to see the preacher. And this is the reason for the mandate: "Take

ary: the other that the assembled worshippers may look more homelike.

The women have accepted the edict in a very friendly spirit of acquiescence. The leaven is working well, and I must express my gratitude to the young women of the choir, who led the way. Of course, there are some who will never change a custom until it becomes a fashion. As soon as it is fashionable to sit in church without a bonnet all the ladies will adopt the idea.

"Perhaps they have a wholesale fear of St. Paul, who said that the women should remain covered in church!"

"St. Paul is out of date with such traditions as those in the present age of the world. I in-

"St. Paul is out of date with such traditions as those in the present age of the world. I intend to leave the matter entirely to the good sense and courtesy of the ladies of my congregation, satisfied that they will decide what is best themselves. The whole thing was suggested to me by complaints made from time to time by sitters who could not see the platform on account of the overshawdowing presence of fashionable millinery."

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

The Wild-Waves Test of Fitness for the Be quirements of the Stage. From the Chicago Post.

He looked at her thoughtfully. Being the head of a dramatic school, he had acquired the knack of looking thoughtful without any serious effort. "You are determined to go on the stage!" he

"I am." returned the young woman. "You are satisfied that you were made to be an actress and set the world afire with your genius or do some other equally startling thing I'

he persisted.

"Well, I won't exactly say that," she replied, with the air of one conscious of her power, but too modest to exploit it herself. "I am satisfied that I will make a success in the theatrical business if I get half a chance, but I do not care to say more than that." iness if I get half a chance, but I do not care to say more than that."

"What line do you favor!" inquired the man whose business it was to teach stars to shine, suddenly impressed with the idea that she was not so aggressive in calling attention to her merits as most young women who have acquired stage fever. "Would you want to start in as Juliet, or do you consider Lady Macbeth more in your line!"

"Heally," she returned, in surprise, "I had expected that you would settle that."

"You—you were willing to leave the selection

"You-you were willing to leave the selection of play and character to me!" The dramatic man found it difficult to believe his ears, but she repeated the assertion.
"You have had experience," she said, "and you ought to be able to tell in what I would make the greatest success.
"Precisely," he said, "but most girls who "Precisely. he said, "but most girls who come here think they already know just where and how they can do the best. Now, if you are willing to leave the matter to me—"

I am," she interrupted. I will send you down to the seashore for a "Yes I"
"And if you make any kind of a sensation I'll put you on in buriesque or comic opera at once, thus starting you at the very pinnacle of suc-cess, while if you attract no great amount of at-tention it will be necessary for you to begin a long course of study for tragedy or drama, and it may be years before you reach distinction."

MRS. M'KINLEY ON MARRIAGE,

She flays That It Is Woman's Highest Mission-Her Musband a Model for Young Married Men. From the Pittsburg Disputch.

Washington, May 20,—At an informal reception at the White House yesterday the question turned upon the subject of matrimony. Mrs. McKinley talked so brightly and enthusiastically upon the subject that Miss Gary, daughter of the Postmaster-General, who is soon to enter the wedded estate, laughingly romarked that Mrs. McKinley might open a select school for the instruction of tuture husbands. Miss Gary's suggestion met with general favor, and the discussion was kept up at a lively rate during the remainder of the hour. If there is one topic more than another upon which Mrs. McKinley waxes eloquent, it is marriage. Above everything she extols the devotion of her husband as an example to young men. She unhesitatingly asserts that marriage is woman's highest mission when coupled with the mutual respect which beyeats perfect confidence. woman's highest mission when coupled with the nutual respect which begets perfect confidence, in the discharge of her domestic duties she be-ieves that a wife and mother finds her truest nappiness and reward.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

KANSAS CITY, May 25 .- Ever since Joe Henley made his perilous sprint across the ties of the Mawaukee bridge on the bare rims of his bloycle a number of ambitious cyclists have professed a willingness to equal the performance. But until to-day none of them had gone further than to ride out and view the bridge.

To-day, however, a woman, Dora Dewitt, equalled Henley's feat and went him one better, equalled Henley's feat and went him one better, for she role along on the outside of the rail in a space only eighteen inches wide. It was a hairraising performance, and one that is not likely to be equalled soon. Miss Bewitt rode a light racer. The tires had been removed, leaving only the bare rims to ride on. She started at a fast clip, knowing that in no other way could she get across. A single mishap would have hurled her into the Missouri River, ninety feet below. Once, near the centre of the bridge, she swerved slightly, and for a few feet the wheel rushed along within an inch of the edge of the ties, but the girl was cool, and in a moment she was in control of her wheel and finished the trip without further danger. The greatest peril was in the depressions two feet wide which exist at regular intervals from one end of the bridge to the other. But she cross-tail of these firmly, though the shock cach time seemed as if it would throw her from the wheel. At the close Miss Dewitt's arms were so numb that she could not lift them. Several well-known wheelmen witnessed the feat.

Ten Palibearers for a 450-Pound Corpor. From the Philadelphia Record.

Prom the Philadelphia Record.

ROCKVILLE, May 25.—Namey Rockwell, who died Monday, weighed 450 pounds. The undertaker could get no coffin large enough to hold the remains, and a casket was made to order. It is 28 inches high and 27 inches wide, the average being 16 inches high and 14 inches wide. It will be impossible to put the coffin in a hearse, and a wagon will be used to convey the corpse to the cemetery. It will be taken from the house on rollers, and ten men, who have been named as pallbearers, will try to lift it.

Boston Pattence Unrewarded.

From the Boston Globe.

he was out driving bunday afternoon reports that none of the girls wear bloomers this season, and that the almost universal rule is a short skirt reaching

"GRANDDADDY OF CAR FLOATS." Another Peculiar Craft Being Cons

the Crescent Shippard. Under the present management of the Cres cent shipyard in Elizabeth a small fleet of queen craft has been built such as was never produced in any other shippard. One of the boats was taken apart after being launched and shipped to Central America in sections. Another boat was launched in haives. A fleet of steel canal boats was built. The Delehunty dumping scow was another peculiar vessel built there. The Holland submarine boat is another, and in a few weeks still another will be finished. It is known in the shippard as the "Granddaddy of

all car floats." It is simply a floating platform for the transportation of freight cars on the water. The boat is being constructed for the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad, a branch of the Pennsylvania system, and it will run across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay between Cape Charles and Norfolk. The company already has four floats in operation on this line, but they are of wood and much smaller than the one under construction at Elizabeth. This is of steel and is 340 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 12 feet 6 inches deep. It will draw six feet three inches when loaded and three feet three inches when light. It will have four tracks on it and it will carry twenty-eight loaded jumbo freight cars, or

light. It will have four tracks on it and it will carry twenty-eight loaded jumbo freight cars, or 900 tons in all.

The float will be towed. The deck will be flat, and the only structure above the deck will be a deckhouse containing a steering room and quarters for a crew of six, perched on four steel standards seventeen feet above the deck. This gives plenty of room for the four tracks on the boat. The hold of the boat is divided into eighteen water-tight transverse compartments, with a six-inch flooding and drain pipe running into all of them. A small boiler in the centre of the hold generates steam for the use of two steering engines which are operated from the decknouse. There will be a rudder at each end of the boat, and in case the steam steering gear should break down, the boat could be steered by hand. The boiler also furnishes steam for the pumps and for heating the decknouse.

The reason for having a pumping system throughout the hull is to trim the craft by water when heavily loaded cars cause the boat to dip or to lean to one side. The boat is built of steel plates three-eighths of an inch thick and is stronger at the ends, where the strain comes as the car leaves the boat, than at the middle. The cars are to leave the float on gauntleted tracks, from which they are switched to a double or a single track as is desired.

This float, it will be seen, is entirely unlike the Maryland and other boats that carry cars in and about New York waters. Its size is so great that there was not room enough to build it in the Creacent shipyard, and permission had to be obtained from the Common Council of Elizabeth to extend the ways on which it is being constructed out over the street on which the shipyard faces.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

The Difficult Work of Briving 2,000 Cattle from Mexico to the United States. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eagle Pass, Tex., May 13,-Something near 1,000 cattle crossed the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass on Wednesday of this week. They were from a ranch in Coahuila, and were to be delivered to one of the most prominent ranchmen in the Southwest. At this time and place the Rio Grande is a pretty fair-sized stream. It is nearly a quarter of a mile wide. At the fording place there is just enough water to swim a cow in the deepest place. It was not supposed, however, and it certainly was not the case, that the cattle would remain in the fording place. As it turned out, they occupied the river and performed countless manœuvres over about a mile. The labor of the day began about the middle

quadrupeds were driven down at the foot of the old Mexican town across the river and on the long bar that faces the stream. There was an army of Mexicans on every side to keep them in place. A dozen bestrode lank horses; the remainder was afoot. There was an abundance of little brown boys, each with two frail garments and as many powerful lungs. The cattle were driven along the bar up under the bridge and to a point above the two towns to the fording place. And here the leaders were headed out into the stream. They took to the water with apparent willingness, and lashed their tails and proceeded with a great splashing sound as the 8,000 feet began to smite the water. When they were about half submerged the leaders turned a little to the right down stream. As if by previous arrangement, the whole right flank turned in the same direction, and the multitude separated and became many little groups. The horsemen dashed in below them with Indian yells. A dozen men were suddenly naked, and they were swimming rapidly out toward the heads of the leaders, with the intention of turning them. Some of them carried clubs in their hands as they swan, and when they came up with the dumb brutes they beat upon their faces. Some were turned in the right direction; many hundreds, less roughly urged, waded almlessly down stream; others turned back toward the bank and raced with the speed of the wind into the open country—doss, horsemen, and pedestrians in pursuit. The great herd of animals in the middle of the stream found deep water and swam, Little more than their heads were visible, and a thousand horns, suggestive of brush in flood time, caught the sunlight. They floated without apparent effort with the current, with none to control them; and when they sought the bank it was on the side of the river from which place. A dozen bestrode lank horses; the rewas afoot. There was an ab

for the water with their repeated—with about the same success. The notable features of the performance were recalcitrant cattle dashing across sandbars far away, with the plains and far blue hills beyond; powerful and robust Mexicans—her and the same same success. salidades and away, with the paints and the observable of them entirely naked—riding back and forth with yells that would have been the fortune of a baseball coucher; swift and tireless swimmers glitting back and forth some of them completely surrounded by misbehaving cattle and hundreds of horns drifting about, seeming and hundreds of horns drifting about of the water.

completely surrounded by misbehaving cattle; and hundreds of horns drifting about, seeming without aim, above the surface of the water. It seemed almost impossible to head the great herd in the right direction. Some could be made to go across; but that was obviously what the great majority did not want to do.

By about 5 o clock in the afternoon something like 1,500 had been landed on the Texas side. They stood quietly enough when they were over, and gave but little trouble to the herders. But those not yet across were, naturally, those least willing to cross, and all that a cow may do that is obstinate was done on this occasion. They appeared to have a great deal more endurance than the horses. They would reach the bank for the hundredth time, and reach the bank for the hundredth time, and race with the splitt of a healthy young yearling just released from a barn. The Mexicans began to rope and throw some of the most mischievous of the evildoers, that they might not lead the others astray; and after falling hard enough to break a limb they would get up, ready for another mad dash. The herders rivalled them in endurance. One deep-chested fellow was

others astray; and after railing hard enough to break a limb they would get up, ready for another mad dash. The herders rivalled them in endurance. One deep-chested fellow was thrown from his horse just as the latter was scrambling out of the water on a slippery bank—the animal stumbling. He rolled over and over, and then jumped up and started in purenit of his frightened steed. The race was about equal, but another horseman came to the rescue and caught a bridle rain of the runaway. One alip of a boy followed a steer that had got away in the water by himself, and by swimming always in the right place and yeling in just the proper manner he succeeded in draving the big fellow across. A great cheer went up from the bridge and it was faintly echoed by the people along the Mexican side.

Late in the day the cattle that had crossed, and which had been standing below the bridge, were driven to a point opposite the ford, that the still recalcitrant beasis in Mexico, on seeing them, might be encouraged to come over. As the great mass passed under the bridge it presented a strange sight to the crowd of people above. Looking down, it seemed like a great multi-colored serpent gliding along. The effect was indescribable. Opposite the ford they began moving around in a creat circle, like the eddy in a mighty stream. They were becoming restless, and a guard was placed about them to prevent their returning to their native land. It was not until close to 6 o'clock that the last stragglers were brought over, and it was necessary then to bring them over the bridge. There were perhaps half a hundred of these.

Unsatisfied Appetite of the Brown-Tail Moth From the Boston Herald.

A new European colony has effected a settlement at Somerville, just opposite the Fitchburg Railroad depot. The undestrable immugrants are known as brown-tail moths. The brown-tail moth will eat up several times its own weight every day of its life. This is the first season that the brown-tail moth has made liself voraciously known, although some nearby residents say they think they saw "a few some two or three years ago. But now their "feeding grounds" have been extended over an area half a mile in width and a mile in length. Their numbers on a single tree are estimated to be between 5,000 and the destruction they have done may be seen by any one who will make the short journey to Somerville by way of the Fitchburg Railroad. Some of the trees there are as deducted of leaves, and look as bare and dreary as one expects to see them in winter. Not content with eating up the leaves of the frees, these brown-tail moths have taken possession of the fences, along which they crawl, in search of something to devour. A new European colony has effected a settle

One Comfort. From the Chicago Daily Tribune

"I may have kitten off more than I can chew, remarked the box constrictor, as the young gazelle disappeared within its capacious laws, "but, thank fortune, I don't have to chew."

And it carled itself up for a six weeks 'nap.

CLIMBING THE BIG DOME

THE FAVORITE AMUSEMENT OF

LOVERS IN WASHINGTON. But the Walls Have Ears, and Occasionally

They Seem to Have Months - A Point as to the Selection of a Fit Chaperone. From the St. Paul Daily Globe. WASHINGTON, May 22.—There is no elevator

in the dome of the Capitol, the outside and in

side are devold of stairs, and visitors are puzzled to know how the people get to the top of the dome. In the little dark circular passage north of the rotunds, between the rotunds and the Supreme Court room, are two little swinging doors covered with green baize, looking very rusty, dirty, and old; small doors which nobody would notice unless they were pointed out by a guide or some one familiar with the Capitol building. Whoever opens these doors, however, looks upon a narrow stone landing from which there leads a circular, well-worn stone staircase, with fron railing, upward into the darkness. Even when started up here by one of the Capitol guides, the visitor is generally puzzled very much to know which way to go, After climbing three or four steep stairways one comes to a door which is barred, and so much of the climb has been for nothing. Retracing one's steps half way down a swinging door is reached, which yields readily to the touch, and the visitor steps out into the open air. Above and all around him is iron framework, while, after passing along a narrow iron portico, more winding iron stairs are reached. By twists and turns this leads up through the rough iron braces among the rafters and then into the dome itself. It has been estimated that 500 people climb the dome every day throughout the year.

On some days there are not less than 500, and occasionally there are a thousand people going up by twos and threes, and sometimes in larger groups. Neither the hot weather of summer nor the chilling winds of winter can prevent the tourists, male or female, from winding their laborious way up the narrow staircase, which leads by these spiral twists through dark passages; a mysterious way into that mysterious egg shell. The people who have heart disease, wooden legs, apoplexy, or who weigh over 400 pounds, especially fat femininity of the chaperon order, are the only tourists who do not climb the dome. They come

of the chaperon order, are the only tourists who do not climb the dome. They come from every State in the Union, from almost all conditions of life, from all nations, and their talking and laughing make strange sounds, some of them very startling indeed to any quiet, thoughtful person who ascends the stairway for the first time.

The only people who climb the dome and do not get tired and complain of it for months afterward are the young lovers or bridal couples. They take their time, too, in summer, and stop on every landing to whisper those things which nobody can hear and yet which everybody knows by heart. When these dearly beloved brothers and sisters have reached the tip-top, and stand right close to the great painting sixty feet in diameter, and lean over the railing looking down at the pigmies tramping about on the floor of the rotunda below, they are occasionally startled by soft voices of spirits in the air. Sometimes in their most tender moments they are astonished to be addressed by hame in the most familiar way by a voice from one of the allegorical pictures painted on the canopy above them. The fact of the matter is, this great circular painting is one of the finest sound conductors in America, and makes an absolutely perfect whispering gallery. A man sitting on the opposite side of the gallery can listen to the young couples talking, billing, and cooing and mentioning people at home, until he can become sufficiently familiar with them and their surroundings to aimost scare them out of their boots by some whispered remark. Whatever is of the forenoon. The great heard of lowing

mentioning people at home, until he can become sufficiently familiar with them and their surroundings to aimost scare them out of their boots by some whispered remark. Whatever is said on one side of the painting is carried right across and sounds like a whisper in the ear of the person to whom it is addressed.

On one occasion there was a young couple here from Fostoria, O., who remained on one of the seats in the airy gallery for an hour or more until the old man who sells pictures up there learned their entire family history. Finally he remarked: "Helio, Mr. Blank, how do you do? Come up here on top of this picture and see me, we keep lunch up here for all Oho folis, capecially for lovers from Fostoria." The young man was frightened almost to death, but his girl actually fainted in his arms. The surprise was so complete and overwhelming, that the old man did not dare to tell them anything about it, nor explain to them the whisper gallery as he used to do with visitors, after he had played with them.

Another story is told concerning two colored

Another story is told concerning two colored Another story is told concerning two colored men who had climbed the dome and were standing there talking about their home in Lynchburg. Va., and wishing that Jim, John, and Jake. Salie and the rest of the people would come to Washington and climb the dome, when they were startled to hear a voice sounding in their cars as though from a spirit in the air saying: "The policemen are aware of your presence in this city, and you will be captured as soon as you go down stairs. That was a cowardly murder which you committed in Lynchburg, and you need not expect to escape. You will be taken back and you will be hanged." Both these darkies went tumbling down the winding stairs and disappeared from the Capitol in a very few minutes. They were probably the worst frightened fellows who ever climbed the dome.

the dome.

In addition to the regular policemen who In addition to the regular policemen who patrol the main floor of the Capitol building and who take note of the fact every time any person or couples or groups of people go up to the dome and when they come down, there are three policemen placed at intervals along the stairway which leads to the dome, to protect visitors and see that nothing improper occurs. These policemen have probably made no arress in the last twenty years, because their presence prevents wrongdoing. Before the atairway leading to the dome was properly guarded by the policemen, however, a great many purses and watches were snatched and stolen from visitors. The principal duty of the policemen as present is to prevent visitors from defacing the dome by writing their names upon it or chipping off pieces to carry away with them. The roof, you know, is uncovered, and men used to sneak up and steal strips of it, so that it was really difficult to keep the dome under cover. The policemen have nothing to do but sit still and watch the people and study the various phases of humanity. One of them is quite an elderly man, who has been on the landing in the dome so long that he has become a celebrated philosopher. He can tell many odd stories about odd people and peculiar characters who have passed in there, and the many foslish questions they ask, as well as the self-importance of some of them.

Some of the people insist upon going out on the balcony where there is no railing, and such persons frequently give him a great deal of annoyance and trouble. He says that on one occasion there was a very stylish and dudish fellow came there and insisted upon going out on the forbidden gallory with his wife, claiming his fright as "a distinguished citizen," He said so many times that he was a distinguished citizen, and had a right to so wherever he pleased, thas fingils as "a distinguished into the country," said the policeman, and he took a hand mirror and held it in front of the most distinguished man in the country," and it have again and again refused him

heavy weights of the city or village. No far person can climb the dome, and it is one of the linest places for fliritation on the face of the globe. The guides tell me that there are from ten to thirty hig fat chaperons sitting round the rounds every day, waiting for the return of the girls whom they are watching.

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